

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



A TEMPTATION.

## "WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Cecil Orde quitted Helen he fully believed that if she did not entirely agree with him on all the points they had discussed together, yet that she would certainly follow his advice. Before the day was over he paid a farewell visit to his sister, resisting her renewed pressing solicitations to spend a portion of the summer with her. The wary Cecil would not be

tied by any promise, and recommended her to invite Warren in his stead. He went away without giving any hint of the change to take place in his brother's prospects. "Helen must do that herself," he thought. "It is but just to leave her to announce as a fact that she has changed her mind and to give her own reasons. I should be sure to blunder."

"Then you will not join us at all this summer?" said Mrs. Fraser as her brother was leaving.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

No. 1428.—MAY 10, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Anywhere you like," returned Mrs. Fraser, amiably, thinking he was beginning to hesitate.

"Well, I am going everywhere, so perhaps I may find you out some day;" and with this attempt at a jest, which did not sit as well upon him as usual, he took his departure, leaving a vague idea of his proposed whereabouts behind him. In a short time the Lestocqs were obliged to leave, and Mrs. Fraser, beginning to find that the daily decreasing number of friends and acquaintance rendered society dull and uninteresting, bethought herself of acting upon Cecil's advice and asking Warren to come out to them.

It was April; a mild, soft air scented with violets blew in at the open window as Warren seated himself at his solitary breakfast, with one of his favourite authors within reach. Two letters lay near his plate, which the careful Jeannet had just taken from the postman. A glance was sufficient to inform him that one was from Cecil and the other from Mrs. Fraser. The former he laid aside after observing the Terracina postmark upon it; Cecil was too frequently a wanderer for his movements to create any particular interest. It was Warren's custom to place a few hundreds to his account in the course of the year, and having recently paid a portion of this into his banker's hands for immediate use, he supposed the letter to be an acknowledgment. His sister's he opened at once. However men may repudiate the accusation, many of them like to read the gossiping letters emanating from the female pen, even when there is no talent to redeem them from stupidity, provided the writer touches upon subjects of domestic importance. On the present occasion Warren glanced hastily over the double sheet, giving special attention to two or three clauses, and then read more slowly from the beginning. That done he laid it down beside him, and began his breakfast, giving his thoughts to the sentences that had most interested him. The first ran thus:—

"Mrs. Lestocq and her daughter have left Nice for Hyères, and thence, when the weather is warmer, proceed to Grenoble, intending to go on to the baths of Allevard, which have been recommended by their physician."

Though Mrs. Fraser did not specify which was the invalid, Warren's calm demeanour indicated no anxiety. He fetched Murray from one of the bookshelves, and turning over the pages, read, "The baths of Allevard are situated in a picturesque gorge or rent stretching from the lias up to the granite mountains. Within a short distance of the junction of the lias with the primitive talc slate rise the sulphur springs, much used medicinally."

"The geological interest would not affect them; it is the inexpensiveness of the place that attracts them of course. The baths must be for Mrs. Lestocq," thought Warren, again taking up his sister's letter.

The sentence he next read with attention referred to Mona and Edward.

"Miss Moreton is giving me some uneasiness; she is losing both her good looks and appetite. I think she frets about her brother, having heard that he has been seen at Monaco. I tell her that such a circumstance, if true, does not mean ruin and destitution. Many go there and return wiser and better for the rest of their lives."

The third clause over which Mr. Sinclair appeared to ponder was a very short one: "I wish you would come out to us."

Reading that, he shook his head with an air of severe decision. "No, he knew the worst of his life at Hillesden; away from it there might be trials greater than those of a solitary home."

Dull, he might have said, for so meagre was the furniture and so tasteless its arrangement that the bright sunshine, then flooding the room, failed to render it cheerful.

"Poor girl! I have no doubt she thinks there is cause for anxiety, and she has no competent adviser near her," he murmured. "A weak, vain fellow! I judged him so at the first. I wish I had kept him in England under my own eye."

Before Mr. Sinclair had finished breakfast his resolution to ignore Mrs. Fraser's request began to give way before his self-addressed arguments. He had made himself to some extent responsible for Edward Moreton. The young man might listen to him, if not to his sister; he might be more careless than radically bad, capable of being influenced for good; and a word fitly spoken, how good it is? But in order to be of any real use, he must meet him personally, thought Warren, haphazard remonstrances and vague counsels would do more harm than good. The brother and sister were the children of one whose name he honoured, members of a family he had resolved in his heart to befriend, whenever the occasion presented itself. Surely now, if ever, was the time to put that resolution into practice, when one was running into danger, perhaps entirely through a thoughtless imitation of foolish companions, and the other was oppressed by anxieties. To be consistent with his self-made promise to Mr. Moreton's memory, he ought to go to the help of his son. Having arrived at this conclusion, Warren threw a little energy into his movements, and when breakfast was over he took up Cecil's hitherto neglected letter, contact with which, by some unconscious influence, brought before him an image which took from his features all the tender solicitude they had just expressed. Cecil's communication was very short; it barely sketched one or two of his projects for the summer, and ended with a sentence which produced in Warren a strange revulsion of feeling.

"If you have not already heard from Helen Lestocq, you may expect to do so every day. It is her intention to break off her engagement with you. If ever and under any circumstances you can bring yourself to believe in your brother, do so now when he thus urges you to accept her decision, however much it may surprise you. As you are a man and not a woman, I ask you for a yet higher degree of virtue, to accept it with unquestioning acquiescence. Believe me, it will be best for both parties."

The paper trembled in Warren Sinclair's hand while his eyes remained fastened upon it, almost in doubt if he had read aright.

Could it indeed be true? He looked around to make sure that it was daytime and that he was not dreaming. Yes, there before him was the table with the remains of breakfast, and the sun was pouring into the room. Most clearly he was awake, and the letter he still held a reality.

All that day he was restless as a wandering spirit, incapable of settling to anything. He was like a man stunned by a blow, and unable to recall his scattered senses, or as one slightly paralysed beginning to recover the use of his limbs. He missed something from his every-day life. Was it the weight he had been accustomed to carry about for so

long, and borne patiently only because no way of escape had yet presented itself? By the close of day his mental horizon grew clearer, and he was able to analyse his feelings. Alas! for the fickleness of the human heart. Before he laid his head upon the pillow he was well aware that he was rejoicing over an event which a few months ago would have been regarded as a misfortune. But Warren was not then disposed to give his time or his thoughts to moralising over human infirmity. If Cecil were in earnest—and if not, why had he taken the trouble to write?—there was an opportunity of repairing one of the greatest mistakes he had ever made. Early errors are so often ineffaceable that Warren felt thankful for a chance of arranging his future life more in accordance with his present ideas as to what would best contribute to render it useful and happy.

Marriage comes next to death in the seriousness of its character, and to err in the choice of a wife is misery, the die thrown being irremediable in its results—a life-long happiness or a life-long sorrow. At best there is a loneliness in an ill-assorted union which years only increase. Where there are no chords of love to bind a household together, there is no home, no sweetness, no charm; the bands, indissoluble as iron, have also its hardness.

In this strain mused Warren as he perused again and again his brother's letter. Before the second day that followed its arrival had elapsed, he had made some progress in castle-building in the air. The Rectory he had been till now content to occupy, shabby and ill-furnished as it was, he saw converted into a pretty residence, with the improvements suggested by Cecil accomplished. The bow was thrown out, increasing the size of the room; the conservatory was added, and, the greatest charm of all, he imagined Mona Moreton established there as its cheerful mistress and his own beloved wife.

But the letter that was to give stability to these pleasing anticipations did not arrive. In vain Mr. Sinclair went twice daily for the next week to the post-office, making personal inquiries after the missing letter; it did not come, and there was little hope of communicating with Cecil. He was travelling in quest of amusement, and had given no special address. Constantinople and Norway both figured in his summer itinerary. The chances of his going north or east being evenly balanced, there was no use in writing to him at present. He must be patient a little longer. Or should he write to Helen, and ask the explanation of his brother's statement? No, he had agreed to wait a twelvemonth, and preferred doing so. Any deviation from the terms he had accepted must come from her.

A few days later, after giving directions that all letters should be sent after him, Mr. Sinclair was hastening to join his sister with railway speed.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

MONA's fears respecting her brother were only too well founded; her heart would have ached could she have seen him this bright, beautiful April morning lifting his burning brow to the cool, soft breeze that swept over the sea, as having completed his toilet he stood a few minutes at the open window before beginning the day's work with his pupil. It would have ached still more could she have read his thoughts, the corroding care and dull despair that were sapping the energies of his young life.

Unhappily for him, his work was too easy, Willie

Buxton being considered by his anxious parent not strong enough for much study. Edward spent a few hours with him over books in the morning, and sometimes walked with him in the afternoon, but more frequently Willie drove or visited with his mother, leaving the young tutor to his own occupations. Had Edward been true to the wishes he had expressed, true to the fond ambition of his father, he might have found ample time for study and steady preparation for the ministry upon which he desired to enter. But he was not strong-minded enough to mark out or follow a course of conduct because it was right and the best for him to pursue. He was too impressionable, too much influenced by passing events, to keep good resolutions, even when he had had the courage to make them. His tastes quickly adopted the hue of those of his companions, who were not always the best he could have chosen. Neither were they what is generally considered bad, though some were wanting in that substratum of principle which, when the light-heartedness of youth seeks pleasure, should be there to temper it. Occasionally Edward was in request as an escort, once or twice to Miss Lestocq and a party of friends, and also to Mrs. Buxton.

One day the latter took it into her head to visit Monaco, attracted there partly by the reputed beauty of the place, and partly by a curiosity less laudable, not always indulged with impunity, and which for years past has entrapped the unwary and engulfed numerous victims.

A crusade of opposition has lately been made against careless visitors, and families claiming to be ranked among the respectable members of society are entreated to erase the entertainments of Monaco from the programme of their amusements, and not to give the sanction of their presence to a spot fraught with so much evil. The English diocesan, unable to bear the knowledge of the existence of so much sin and misery without lifting up his voice against them, has issued a pastoral of warning and exhortation, and the clergy continually repeat the same from the pulpit, but in vain. Every year this insatiable Moloch devours his prey. There will always be some who go to look and stay to play, unencumbered with any sense of responsibility towards others.

Monaco, the capital of the smallest principality in Europe, contains more natural beauty in its limited compass than any other part of the Riviera. Situated on high ground, it commands extensive views both of Italy and France. The sun seems ever shining on the glittering sea that laps the shores, romantically crowned by uneven, picturesque heights, where orange and lemon-trees abound, adding their fragrant odours to a landscape of surpassing loveliness. No fairer spot can well be imagined than this which Nature has so highly endowed and man so deeply degraded. Monte Carlo, about a mile from the palace and old town, is the last survivor of the gambling-houses that have for years been such a blot upon the governments that tolerated them. From the gardens, which no expense has been spared to render attractive, the fascinated visitor is usually tempted into the concert-room, where first-rate music is provided, and from thence to the "salle de jeu" is an easy transition.

With no feeling worse than that of curiosity Mrs. Buxton found herself standing by the green table one afternoon after a concert, when the room was tolerably filled with players, most of whom contented



themselves with small stakes, before the excitement and darker interest, usually shrouded in late hours, began. With Edward and Willie, she looked on for a time, quietly watching the gold and silver laid down and disappear, sometimes pushed towards some triumphant individual, but more frequently raked in by the impassive croupier.

From idle speculation it is so easy to proceed to action. With a laugh at her own folly, Mrs. Buxton laid down a five-franc piece—the lowest sum permitted—just for a trial—and gained! The fatal precedent pleaded again; once more she ventured—a napoleon this time—and, losing, was wise enough not to try any more. Following her example, Edward staked a couple of five-franc pieces, and doubled them. He tried again. Luck, as it is called, favoured him, and he, unhappily, went away a winner of two hundred francs in a few minutes.

For some days he steadily refused himself the excitement he had found both pleasurable and profitable, though it must be owned that his thoughts were continually returning to the dangerous spot. His tastes had become more expensive than his position warranted, and his funds were low. He had much leisure; most of his evenings were his own, and Monte Carlo was only at half an hour's distance from Nice. To make the temptation greater, trains are arranged to favour both the going and returning. The road downward was only too easy. Sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of thoughtless young men like himself, he henceforth spent many evenings at the Casino. Unrighteous gain the excitement, he went to shear but came back shorn.

At the time this chapter commences he had not only lost all he possessed, as well as forestalled his stipend, but had borrowed some hundred francs of a companion, who was now in want of the money, and insisted upon being repaid. He could not apply again to Mona, her quarter's salary, part of which had been advanced by Mrs. Fraser, was not yet due, and he had already obtained from her more than she could spare. He knew she had scarcely any left. How he hated and blamed the poverty that had reduced him to such straits.

"If I had never come out here, if I had never been tempted into that vile place!" he often thought, reflecting with bitterness against circumstances rather than against himself. His troubles were too hard for him to bear them patiently, and, what was worse, he saw no way of escape from them. It was such a bore to be poor, and to have only poor people for relations, when other fellows had fathers and uncles able and willing to help them. He thought himself badly treated by Providence, railed against his lot, and soured his temper by dwelling upon the absence of those material good things he was learning to covet so ardently. The sight of wealth and lavish expenditure had a baneful influence upon him. He persuaded himself that it was cruel to be denied what he so much required. Physiologists tell us that most wants can be done away with if their cravings be firmly resisted, and that the need grows in proportion to the indulgence accorded it. Far from acquiring a philosophy so precious, Edward had gratified his fancies until they became his masters, and were now leading him to despair. Where could he turn for the money that had become absolutely indispensable? He thought of his home—it was too poor to help him. Friends—where could he find the friend in need? Mr. Graves was good to his mother, but what

could he do for him? In circumstances so little capable of explanation as his, could he apply to him with any expectation of being helped?

There was another, and as Edward thought of him his heart up-leapt in momentary hope. There was Mr. Marshall, a good fellow in his way, and fond of Mona. Might he not for her sake be induced to lend him a small sum? If he would let him have £50 or £60 Edward thought he might get out of his principal difficulties. He would write and ask him. This resolution was formed as he waited for his pupil, whom he was going to take with him to bathe. Willie not being ready, Edward grew impatient, and sauntered into Mrs. Buxton's boudoir, through which the boy must pass from his bedroom. The window was open, but nothing had been done towards the arrangement of the room. The servants occupied in other parts of the house had not touched it. The table was still littered with pieces of paper, and the chairs were out of their places. Everything remained as Mrs. Buxton had left it, even to the cash-box, which she had inadvertently left behind her, and the lamp extinguished by herself had not been removed. As Edward waited, gazing absently into the grey distance, as we do when our thoughts are heavy, and occasionally glancing at the door through which Willie would come, his eye caught sight of a paper lying on the carpet. Its shape and colour were not to be mistaken.

In the twinkling of an eye he had darted towards it. Hastily picking it up he saw that he held a note for a thousand francs, which must last night have been dropped by Mrs. Buxton. His hand trembled as he made the discovery, his cheek burnt and his heart throbbled with a feeling akin to joy. In the first flush of emotion he only saw the chance put into his hand. The next thought brought an icy chill over his frame and re-awakened his despair. The money was not his, and there was no mistake about the owner.

Whilst still grasping the note, undecided what to do, Willie burst into the room, and so startled him that it fell to the ground. Again Edward picked it up, and this time acted without hesitation. Crumpling up the paper in his hand he slipped it into his pocket, but in such a quick, awkward manner as to attract Willie's attention, young eyes being sharp inquisitors.

"I made all the haste I could," said Willie, apologetically, regarding his tutor's flushed cheek and constrained manner as signs of displeasure.

"Yes, my boy, I am not blaming you," returned Edward, trying to speak as usual. "You are ready. Come, we will go at once."

He hung back for Willie to run on first, doubtful whether he would not again drop the note where he had found it, and take his chance from Mr. Marshall or any other friend or friendly circumstance that might arise. There is an unreasoning sanguineness of temper sometimes about weak characters, which, by inducing them to believe that something may turn up in their favour, often prevents the deliberate thought, calculated to render fortuitous help unnecessary. But Willie hung upon his arm, and would not leave him. They walked out of the house together, the boy chattering gaily, until his high spirits, somewhat damped by the taciturnity and absent air of the tutor, he left him and ran on before. There was another peculiarity about Edward this morning: he would not bathe as usual, but strolled

along the shore, or loitered about the beach, more restless than the waters at his feet.

The fresh morning air, sweet and vivifying as it was, only increased the suffering he was experiencing. It was positive pain to hear Willie's childish laugh, as he danced in the water; pain too to watch the pure, blue sky above emerge from the rosy, primrose-tinted clouds, promising one of those glorious days which in themselves seem harbingers of happiness.

Out of harmony with the light, the beauty, and the joy, Edward threw himself down upon the shingles and hid his face. The boy's laughter was so merry and innocent, and he was once as guileless and as beloved. Oh! to be again a child like him: his greatest sorrow a difficult task, which a little patient application would enable him to surmount. His father's image rose before him, and he wished he had left the note where it lay. Debt must ever be a heavy burden to one in his position, but this—this was far worse.

Thankfully Edward remembered that he could yet turn back; no one had seen him take it, and if they had, it was still in his power to efface all outward stain, all but that on his own conscience, known only to himself and his God. He could give the note to Mrs. Buxton at breakfast-time, and tell her where he had found it. She would naturally infer he had taken care of it for her. The half-formed resolution comforted him, yet parallel with it ran another argument. Debts, contracted without any means of paying them, were, he persuaded himself, equally dishonouring. With this note of a thousand francs he had, if he chose, two hundred chances of righting himself. With ten francs he had already gained two hundred francs; why should he not succeed again? His first gains should be devoted to replacing the note, how, he had not determined, but the favourable occasion would be sure to arise; the next to pay all his debts; and then—for all his life to come he should be a wiser and a better man.

Yet, in spite of what he fancied were good resolutions, the lessons that day were done badly. The tutor thought the pupil inattentive and troublesome, and the child found his master absent and irritable.

Play hours came, then luncheon, followed by the afternoon's walk, the preparing of the lessons for the morrow, and then dinner, after which Edward would be free, his time would be his own, as much as it can ever be to mortal man who must hereafter give an account of it to God.

and that of the puisne judges still less; but such salaries bore no comparison with the various fees each of those dignitaries received.\*

Within the last thirty years, out of the sum of £2 paid by the plaintiff in an action on entering his record for trial, the presiding judge took 6s. 8d., his marshal 6s. 8d., some of the judges' domestic servants smaller sums, while the residue was divided between the judge's two clerks, who received no salary whatever. It must be obvious that such a system led to much extortion, for although the amount of many fees was regulated in a measure by custom, none were fixed by law, and very many were left entirely in the discretion of the officers who benefited by them.

The policy of the Government has now for some years been to establish by statute the amount of fees payable, to receive all such into the imperial treasury, and to pay settled salaries to all judicial officers, thereby preventing extortion, and, owing to the increase of legal business, to cause suitors to pay very nearly for the cost of litigation indulged in by them; and as fees are now almost universally paid by stamps, there is, probably, but very little fraud left possible in the collection of this part of the revenue.

Nothing, probably, shows the hardship and wrong attaching to the old fee system more than the case of prisoners tried and acquitted in courts of justice. Although declared by the jury to be guiltless, they were detained in prison until their gaol fees were paid. Many lay for months, and even years, in custody, being absolutely unable to satisfy the demands of their rapacious gaoler. All such fees and demands are now absolutely abolished. We may mention, also, that in civil matters, where an individual imagines he has a cause of action against another, which he cannot prosecute because of his poverty, he may, under certain restrictions, obtain a judge's order to sue *in forma pauperis*, under which he is excused from paying any judicial fees whatever during the progress of his action. We are not aware that the fees now taken under the authority of statute in the courts and offices connected with them have been particularly objected to, and it is to the second class of fees—viz., those taken by barristers—and to the irregular manner in which services are rendered by those receiving them, that the public attention has been recently called by the press and otherwise.

The fee, both of the barrister and of the physician, was, until very recently, a mere *honorarium*, and, unlike any other sum paid for services rendered, could not be recovered in a court of law. This is now altered, so far as the physician is concerned, but the gentleman "learned in the law" is still, by a legal fiction, supposed to work for nothing; and as he works for nothing it follows that he can recover nothing from his employer, if that employer be acute or dishonest enough to escape feeing him; and it also follows that whilst the same fiction of law is retained, no Act of Parliament can fix the amount of the "nothing" for which he labours.

\* The following is the entry in the Exchequer Rolls of the money paid as salaries to the Judges of the Court of King's Bench in 1617, 15 James I.:

To Sir Edward Coke, Kt., Lord Chief Justice of England, for his salary, at £224 19s. 9d. by the year, and £38 6s. 8d. by the year for his circuits—£258 6s. 5d.

To Sir John Dodridge, Kt., one of the Justices of that Bench, for his fee at £154 10s. 8d. by the year, and £38 6s. 8d. by the year for his circuits—£188 6s. 8d.

To Sir John Crooke, Kt., for the like, £188 6s. 8d.  
To Sir Robert Houghton, Kt., for the like, £198 6s. 8d. Besides their diets in circuit.

## LEGAL ANECDOTES.

### FEES.

WE may roughly divide the fees payable on the trial of a cause or prisoner, and during the preliminary proceedings thereto, into two classes—viz., those paid in the courts and judicial offices, and those disbursed to counsel for the prosecution or defence.

Of these, the first kind were, until comparatively recent times, uncontrolled, to a great extent, by any statutory enactment, and were, almost without exception, the property of the officers who received them, constituting (sometimes with and sometimes without a salary) such officers' income. Thus, in the reign of James I., the actual salary of the Lord Chief Justice of England was but £224 19s. 9d. per annum,

This was well illustrated in the great case of *Swinfen v. Swinfen*, tried at Stafford in the summer of 1858. One of the parties, Mrs. Swinfen, gave her counsel, the late Mr. Kennedy, a bond for £1,000, to be paid upon his winning the verdict for her. Upon his doing so (whereby she gained some sixty or seventy thousand pounds), she deliberately refused to pay her counsel a farthing; and upon his bringing an action in the Court of Exchequer upon the bond, he was defeated on the ground we have already mentioned—viz., that a counsel works for honour, and not for remuneration!

Notwithstanding such cases as these, however, we find that the barrister is about as well recompensed for his industry (and not seldom for his neglect) in the conduct of the business entrusted to him as any other professional man, and very seldom carries out in fact the generous fiction of the law above alluded to.

The first fee paid to counsel in anticipation of the trial of an action is the *retainer*. This may either be a *common* or a *general* retainer; the first is £1 1s., the latter £5 5s. A common retainer secures the services of the counsel for the particular action in which it is given, while a general retainer makes him the representative of the party giving it during the whole time of his continuance at the Bar. It does not, however, follow that because a barrister may receive a retainer in a case that he will be chosen to conduct it, or even be engaged in it, but it always has the effect of preventing his being employed on the other side; and a shabby practice is sometimes indulged in, especially on circuit, where the number of good men at the bar is more limited than in town, of giving a guinea as a retainer to every leading counsel, and so of preventing them from being secured on the other side.

The delivery of the brief usually sooner or later follows the retainer, and upon that important document is endorsed the amount given to the counsel who receives it, together with the name or names of the other counsel who are retained with him in his side of the action. The amount so endorsed is entirely in the discretion of the solicitor delivering the brief, or of his client, and a barrister never fixes his own fee in a case, nor is it allowable for him to mention the subject of its amount to his client, nor even to the solicitor in the cause. He gives his private instructions to his clerk, whose duty it is to receive the brief, and as that individual is entitled to £5 per cent. upon the amount endorsed on the brief, and sometimes receives £10 per cent., it is to his interest to get the document marked with the highest fee he can obtain. Hence, although it is not allowable for the clerk to refuse the brief on the ground of the fee tendered being too small, he may intimate that, "under the circumstances," his employer cannot give it "special attention," or that "if other business stands in its way it must be *handed over*," all of which suggestions are perfectly well understood by the solicitor, and are generally followed by a little alteration of certain figures on the document. Large and well-known firms of solicitors pay their counsel the fees owing to them half-yearly or annually, whilst more obscure firms are usually expected to deliver the brief and a cheque for the fee endorsed on it, simultaneously.

The payment of counsel's fees by no means comes to an end upon the delivery of the brief. More than one counsel is almost invariably engaged in an action, on each side, and it is necessary, of course, that they

should consult together, perhaps several times. For each of those consultations, frequently lasting not more than five or ten minutes, £2 2s. is paid to each counsel, and 2s. 6d. to his clerk. If it be necessary that the solicitor who instructed them be also present, the consultation is called a *conference*, and a £3 3s. fee is paid, with 7s. 6d. to counsel's clerk! Should the case be a heavy one and last into two or more days, a second fee, called a "*refresher*," is usually administered to counsel, and this refresher is indefinite in amount. In a certain case lasting over a fortnight, lately tried at Westminster, a refresher of £40 was each morning paid to the plaintiff's leading counsel.

The amount endorsed on counsel's briefs is sometimes very large indeed. In the trial of Queen Caroline one of the "*juniors*" on the King's side had his brief marked two thousand guineas; and a thousand guineas is by no means a very unusual sum, especially in a case to be argued at the Bar of the House of Lords. The late Sir Thomas Wylde had fifteen hundred guineas for there arguing the claims of Lady d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Sussex, and as (although he lost the day) his client, "the princess," gave him her hand and heart afterwards, as his wife, he did not make a very bad bargain. The plaintiff in a great case of *Small v. Attwood* marked his counsel's brief with *six thousand guineas*, and after refreshers, consultations, conferences, etc., innumerable, upon the learned counsel winning the cause, his client was so delighted with the victory, that he presented his legal representative with a superb brougham and two magnificent horses, which were long distinguished when they made their appearance conveying their master to Westminster Hall, the one by the name of *Small*, the other by that of *Attwood*.

As barristers occasionally receive large fees for their services, so, on the other hand, the "*honorarium*" is sometimes small indeed. This is generally the case where the friends of a prisoner have scraped together, perhaps at the last moment, a few shillings or a pound or two to secure some legal assistance. The money, it may be, is handed to the gaolers immediately before the trial. There is no time to engage a solicitor, and the prisoner himself selects the counsel whose appearance at the bar-table he likes best. The money is handed over, and, however small, it is accepted, and the man is as ably defended as if it were a larger sum. The counsel in such an emergency is said to be "*instructed from the dock*."

An Old Bailey barrister of some notoriety was once charged before the Bar mess for taking *coppers* in this way from the dock. His plea was that he "*took all the man had in the world*." His brother lawyers considered that a good defence, and he was honourably acquitted by the jocular court.

It must be mentioned that in many serious cases, especially in trials for murder where the prisoner is undefended, the presiding judge will request a counsel to undertake that duty, and such request is always cheerfully, although gratuitously, complied with.

When a gentleman is called to the Bar, and intends to travel circuit, he is allowed three years to travel such circuits in England and Wales as he may please; after which he must choose one particular circuit to travel, and if his services ever be required on another, strictly speaking, he must receive a fee of 300 guineas, in addition to the amount



marked on his brief, for going on a "foreign circuit." It is true that this large fee is now-a-days reduced in many instances to as low as fifty guineas, but leading Q.C.'s still insist on the larger sum. It is also *infra dig.* for a Q.C. to enter the Criminal Court without a larger fee than an ordinary counsel would obtain, such courts being supposed to be confined to junior counsel, whose arena he is supposed only under special circumstances to enter.

The serious charge brought against counsel is that they are too often in the habit of receiving fees, small and large, without themselves attending to the case committed to them. We were at the Reading Assizes not very long ago when a man was arraigned for arson. "Are you defended?" said the presiding judge. "Yes, my lord; Mr. — defends me." "Where is Mr. —?" asked the judge. "My lord," said a young and all but unknown counsel, "Mr. — has gone to London, but has left his brief with me." It was in vain that the unfortunate prisoner protested that his friends had paid Mr. — £20 to defend him; he was told that Mr. — had gone to London, and that the public time could not be wasted until he were sent for. The trial proceeded, a lame and wretched defence was made by Mr. —'s *locum tenens*, and the prisoner was convicted!

This is by no means an isolated case; many barristers, even of great eminence, instruct their clerks to take in *all* the briefs brought to them, and, after pocketing the fees, hand over the unread papers to some junior counsel who is only too glad of the opportunity of airing his legal powers in court even without recompense or emolument. What would be thought of a physician who, after receiving his fee, told his patient he was too busy to attend to him, or of an eminent surgeon who, being paid heavily to perform an operation, handed over the case to an assistant on the ground that his services were required elsewhere?

It is, however, easy to point out grievances, but difficult to suggest remedies. A counsel could not be paid by fixed sums commensurate with the length of the papers delivered to him, for often the longest briefs contain the most simple cases, whilst apparently short and puerile actions sometimes bristle with difficulties, demanding careful study and elaborate legal argument. The amount of the "honorary" must be left to the generosity of the client; but whatever it be, small or large, he is entitled to receive that in return which it is refreshing to know many of our greatest counsel always gave and still give—their best attention and exertion in the interest of the client who has entrusted to them his property, his liberty, or his life!

#### HOLMAN HUNT.

THE name of this eminent artist naturally recalls that remarkable innovation in the practice of pictorial art in England which took place some thirty years ago, and is still remembered as "the Pre-Raphaelite Movement." The term is said to have been bestowed originally by way of derision, in order to ridicule the affectation shown by the young draughtsmen who were alluded to, for gaunt forms, harsh outlines, and angular drapery. Whether applied in jest or not, the name was adopted in earnest as an honourable and truthful appellation.

The band of students, full of energy, and determined to make their mark in the world, who were nicknamed the "P. R. B.," freely acknowledged the imputation. They avowed their preference for that style of Italian art which was of homely, natural growth, before it had become sophisticated by the introduction of ancient Greek and Roman examples. They said, in effect, "We prefer to follow the masters of Italy whilst their motives were Christian and devotional, and before they became pagan and secular."

But that which, in our opinion, made Pre-Raphaelitism a real thing in this country—that which caused it to leave its lasting trace on the methods pursued by modern painters—was no remote comparison between the merits of rival schools in Italy. It was rather the powerful change which had been brought about by the use of photography. Hitherto, we must remember, the practice of painters had always been to keep out of their pictures every trace of imperfection—everything that deviated from or fell short of a predetermined standard. People in general had no need to be told that not every man has the muscles of an athlete, or the dignity of a Roman senator; that not every woman is beautiful or graceful; that most buildings are neither noble nor ornamental, and that a large extent of landscape scenery is without pictorial charm. But they were not accustomed to be reminded of these truths in the pictures that they saw. The business of the artist was thought to be to keep ugly or plain things as much out of sight as possible. Deformity or dulness was never introduced except for some express purpose—as to excite contempt or to inspire a melancholy grandeur. The photograph altered all this. By its unerring fidelity it not only habituated the general eye to homely faces and desolate scenery, but it gave an enormous impulse to accurate observation, and it led to a demand for great minuteness and exactness of detail. More than this, the ugly objects in nature, of which there are many, when brought into a picture, were found to heighten by contrast the beauty of those that were beautiful. Thus a new vigour was given to pictorial representations. Ungainly forms were found to have their artistic uses, and then it naturally followed that some of the weaker sort rushed into extremes, and went so far as to paint ugliness itself for the sake of its truth, as if they were discharging a meritorious duty.

One thing, however, the photograph could not do, and that was to give colour; and so the Pre-Raphaelites, whilst they copied forms and details, which were often coarse and ungracious, for the sake of their truth, took care also to bestow on their works a great wealth and abundance of colour. To do this effectually and well requires not only special endowments, but long practice, a thing which could not be obtained at once; and even this high accomplishment, like every other, became exaggerated and abused in the hands of enthusiastic followers.

In this band of Pre-Raphaelite brethren, Mr. Hunt held a place second only, if second, to John Everett Millais, and in this second place showed characteristics of his own.

The first manifestation of the new spirit was made in 1850. In that year there appeared on the Academy walls a picture which in the catalogue was without a title, and was indicated only by the text, from Zechariah xiii. 6: "And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thy hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded

in the house of My friends." Nothing could exceed the boldness of Mr. Millais in first exhibiting this startling production. It represented the interior of a Jewish dwelling, supposed to be the residence of the Holy Family at Bethany, where a fully-grown but youthful figure was seen engaged in the work of a carpenter, his hands and feet being wounded by splinters from the wood he was fashioning into shape with plane and chisel. The associations which this scene called up, the typical allusions it conveyed, the veiled significance which every spectator felt, and which, for aught he knew, was imparted to his neighbour more fully than to himself—all stirred the public attention profoundly, and, except in a few instances, there was no openly expressed disapproval. Those who would have been most shocked by this grossly realistic rendering of a subject to them so solemn as to be beyond the range of art, probably never saw it at all, or if they did, turned from it as from a horrid profanity, upon which silence was the best comment. A picture of the Crucifixion, having been a subject of art familiar to Christians of all ages, would not have occasioned so painful a surprise.

In this same year 1850 Mr. Hunt exhibited a picture representing a "Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids." It was decidedly Pre-Raphaelite in manner, and not wanting in life and feeling. But the presentment of such a subject in such a form would, in these days, with our altered notions about British Christians and Druids, be altogether obsolete.

Mr. Hunt was now about twenty-three years of age. It has been stated that he was born in London; and we have heard the following anecdote about his family name. At Ewell, in Surrey, there lived some years ago a worthy farmer and his wife, named Hobman. In the parlour of these good folks' residence our informant saw an engraving from one of the artist's works, and in conversation about it was told that Mr. Hunt's name was originally Hobman, and that on the occasion of his sending one of his works for exhibition, the compiler of the catalogue, or the printer, miswrote or misprinted Holman for Hobman, which was the name sent. The artist adhered to the change, which he thought a euphonious improvement.

Mr. Hunt's name appears in, we believe, the Academy catalogue for 1874 as Holman, but rarely, if at all, with this prefix before. He was certainly known, however, as long ago as in 1850 as Holman Hunt. He had been a pretty regular contributor for some few years before to the Academy exhibitions by works now not well remembered, during which he was gaining strength and experience for higher flights.

In 1857 came "Valentine receiving Sylvia from Proteus," which attracted no great attention; and then in 1852 "The Hireling Shepherd," the first in which the artist ventured upon an allegorical scene, founded on a few lines from a ballad in Shakespeare. Loud was the outcry at the overcharged colour and the unflinching literalness of this scene. A loutish shepherd lad, and his no less uncouth sweetheart, were seen amusing themselves on the right of the picture, whilst the wasteful sheep were trampling down the corn. He is represented showing her a death's-head moth, from which she shrinks back in affright. The flesh tints were of the ruddiest, the corn of the yellowest, and every object in the picture, whether moss or weed, plant or tree, bird or beast,

was imitated with rigid exactness. No tempering of colour by means of atmosphere, no tone, was perceptible, and hence a general sense of crudeness and harshness prevailed. Cool and experienced observers may perhaps have foreseen a great future for a painter possessed of an eye so keen and a hand so true, and knowing so well how to paint a multiplicity of objects; but neither the connoisseurs nor the multitude were gratified, though the picture arrested attention from its novelty and its seeming to imply a deeper meaning than it expressed.

"Claudio and Isabella" in 1853 was a picture that did not escape blame for the realistic coarseness of its figure painting. Nor did it succeed in conveying the intensity of the passions meant to be portrayed. "Our English Coasts" was a landscape representing sheep on a chalk down near the sea, steeped in colours which were certainly never seen on English sea or shore, however faithful to a poet's or a painter's dream.

The year 1854 marked a turning-point in the career of the artist. It was the year of Ward's "Last Sleep of Argyle" and of Frith's "Ramsgate Sands;" indeed, there was an assemblage of first-class productions by nearly all the favourites of the time, and there seemed a chance that Mr. Holman Hunt's till then most important work would be overlooked in the crowd. But a letter from Mr. Ruskin, published in the "Times" on the 5th of May, altered the whole aspect of affairs. In this letter, "The Light of the World" was spoken of as the principal Pre-Raphaelite work of the year. The writer related how he had stood by it for hours, watching its effect on the passers-by. "Few stopped to look at it, and those who did almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in His hand." He then proceeded to interpret the work as follows:—"On the left-hand side of the picture is seen the door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn, the wild grass 'whereof the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom.' Christ approaches in the night-time—Christ, in His everlasting offices of Prophet, Priest, and King. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him; the jewelled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns—not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves for the healing of the nations." He then explains that the lantern represents the light of conscience. "Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary, guilt." The light proceeding from the head of the figure was held to signify the hope of salvation. With some further remarks, tending to show that whilst instruction by the eye is the most rapid form of teaching, it is not likely that a great picture is to be fathomed to the bottom in a moment of time. "We have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of mean-

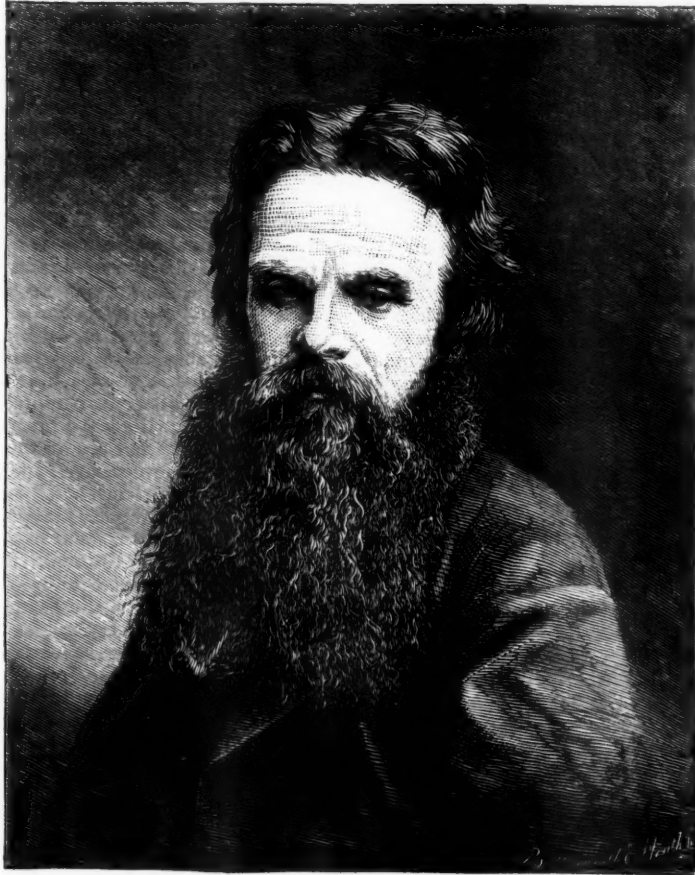


ing in a work of art may very naturally, at first sight, appear to be an unkind demand on the spectator's understanding;" and some critical remarks on parts of the painting follow.

Marvellous was the effect of this adroit, and evidently sincere letter. Who would be supposed

in art circles, and of gossip in West-end drawing-rooms. His success was an accomplished fact.

There followed, nevertheless, a recoil from all this over-strained popularity. In another letter to the "Times" of the 13th of July, 1854, Dr. Waagen, who, it is well known, at that time was hoping



From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

*Yours ever faithfully*  
*W. Holman Hunt*

insensible to a work of such profound spiritual insight? So thought the quick-witted and intelligent, whilst for the dull and unapprehensive all the mystery was explained. To crowd round, study, and interpret for themselves and others, by Mr. Ruskin's help, "The Light of the World," was the rage amongst Academy visitors. So Mr. Holman Hunt's picture became the great subject of discussion

to become, under very exalted patronage, the director of our National Gallery, made a temperate but at the same time directly hostile attack upon the Pre-Raphaelites, expecting thereby no doubt to gratify the wounded susceptibilities of the R.A.'s. of that day. In this letter he especially refers to Mr. Hunt's "Light of the World." In fact the letter was clearly intended as an answer to Mr. Ruskin. The writer's argument

was that students of Fra Angelico and other painters of the fourteenth century were not justified, artistically or historically, in reproducing all their shortcomings and deformities in the presence of improved technical and scientific methods. Deliberately to step out of the light into the darkness was unjust to the old masters and unfair to the new. The passage from which the subject of the picture was taken, Rev. iii. 20, was not adapted to pictorial treatment, and there was confusion in mixing up two distinct characters, that of the Saviour as the suffering victim—as in the class of works called “*Ecce Homo*”—and that of the glorified Lord of the universe who has triumphed over death and hell. The crown of thorns, he argued, was inconsistent with the regal diadem. He admitted the careful painting but found fault with certain green tints to be seen in the hands.

From this controversy what seemed to follow was—that the more eminent members of the Pre-Raphaelite school began to drop some of their extreme peculiarities, and to conform to rules of art which were established and considered legitimate. Their detractors said that they abandoned the tricks by which they had brought themselves into notice only when they had at length acquired those higher qualities of good painting which could only come by practice and experience.

Having thus attained a very enviable amount of public notice, Mr. Hunt betook himself to the East, resolving to study at the fountain-head those conditions of inanimate life—light, air, and scenery—under which so many of the greater events of our religious history have been enacted. He penetrated at once to one of the most mysterious regions in the world, the shores of the Dead Sea, and in that remote, inhospitable place, made studies which were an unquestionable proof of his energy and perseverance. The fruit of these labours was produced to the world in 1856, by the memorable composition called “*The Scapegoat*.” Again was to be noted a marvellous power of imitating even unfamiliar objects—the crisp salt marshes of the Dead Sea shore, and the purple mountains of Moab. Here at least was original enterprise of the most unmistakable kind. The painting of this mountain range involved enormous labour, carried through with unfailing spirit. The colouring also was rich to profusion; nor was it, we may believe, overcharged for such a latitude as this. The worst painted object was the miserable goat itself, to which, nevertheless, an air of tottering weakness and hopeless suffering was successfully given. The scarlet wool bound round the forehead of the animal sufficiently indicated its character as the scapegoat of Jewish ceremonial law, and the dismal skeletons bleaching on the barren sands, and in the briny pools around, plainly foretold what its fate was speedily to be.

Mr. Ruskin, in his *Academy Notes* for 1856, complimented Mr. Hunt on his resolution in not being turned from his purpose as a painter by the temptation of a visit to the seat of war in the Crimea, or by the fear of any inconvenience which might arise to himself from the same cause. This seems rather going out of the way to be laudatory; but a juster tribute of praise was given to the energy and constancy of the worker's powers of application. As a whole “*The Scapegoat*” was an unequal work, showing too plainly the great difficulties under which it had been executed. In the same year appeared “*The Awakening Conscience*,” a painful

scene, but which, in point of technical skill, was a very able performance, and more carefully finished than the former. Mr. Hunt has never since attempted didactic composition of this kind, which, as has been truly said, is not likely to meet the eyes of those who might most benefit from it. Quite irreproachable on the ground of taste, and not less admired for their qualities as pieces of painting, were three brilliant studies of Eastern scenery, which were exhibited at the same time: “*A View looking towards the Mountains of Moab*,” “*Jerusalem by Moonlight*,” and “*The Sphinx*.”

From this date the appearance of Mr. Hunt's pictures at the Academy have been only occasional. He has resided much in the East, giving from time to time tokens of his place of study. Thus, in 1861, he sent to the Academy a small picture representing a humorous scene in the streets of, we presume, Cairo. It was called “*The Lantern-maker's Courtship*.” A young workman is clasping in his arms the object of his devotion, and being unable to see the face of the charmer, is constrained to feel it by passing his fingers over her closely veiled countenance, to the delight of both actors in the scene. In the distance a self-absorbed Englishman in white straw hat bestrides his ass in unconcerned composure. This picture represents an observation which occurred to the artist himself.

At length, at the close of the same year, the art-loving public were gratified by the sight of a work of first-class importance and highest interest, representing “*The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple*.” The most conscientious study of detail and the highest technical skill were exhibited. The Christian and the Jewish world were equally delighted with the scientific archæology of the Temple buildings, fittings, ornaments, and adjuncts, whilst the central figure of the young Christ was sufficiently vigorous to rivet the attention and furnish much food for reflection. This work has been engraved after a chalk drawing, prepared with great care by two or three artists under Mr. Hunt's own superintendence.

Several portraits from the artist's hand have been exhibited from time to time, and many sketches of splendid effects of sunlight in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and there are, we believe, some other paintings of importance, such as “*The Pot of Basil*,” in private hands, with which the public are very little acquainted.

Finally, in November, 1873, was exhibited, not at the Academy, the largest of Mr. Hunt's pictures, which had occupied him three years in painting, called, “*The Shadow of Death*.” This was and is a work of first importance, whether as to the subject matter or as to the execution. Need we repeat the motive? Before the spectator stands erect the figure of Christ, with arms outspread, lighted by a low setting sun, which thereby throws a cross-shaped shadow on the wall to the left. At the time of this appearance the Virgin is supposed to be undergoing a strange conflict of emotions. She kneels at the left, with her back turned to the spectator. Something has induced her to examine anew the credentials of the sovereignty of Christ which were presented in his infancy, the gold, frankincense, and myrrh. For this purpose she is opening the casket containing the offerings of the Magi, feeling a doubt as to the reality of the mission of her son, who had hitherto shown no signs of accomplishing the prophecies which related to him. Suddenly her eye catches the

ominous shadow, and the certainty of his impending death is borne into her soul. This agonising reflection is to some extent manifested by the attitude of the kneeling figure, the only thing wanting being that the features are not seen by the spectator. The painting of this picture is acknowledged to be of the utmost technical merit; and the colour, whilst in the highest scale, is neither loaded nor extravagant. An infinity of detail accompanies the main action, upon which a world of care has been expended. Nothing that Mr. Hunt ever did has equalled this production, and the labour, skill, and science which have contributed to its execution are immense. To show how carefully minute things have been attended to, some one pointed out that, although there were indications of a saw having been used in carpentering work, there was no sawdust. The answer showed the objector to be wrong. There the lines of sawdust are, lying regularly on the floor, just as they would have been left by the saw. It is impossible not to review without interest the progress of two great reputations, from the first "Carpenter's Shop" of Millais, in 1850, to this consummate production by Holman Hunt in 1873.

Mr. Hunt is understood to be engaged on another great work, the scene of which will be the Scriptural region of the East.

country gentleman. We believe that an eminent critic simply expresses the truth when he says that "every additional light which time throws on the public or private character of the king, raises him in our esteem and reverence, although it was long before he was justly appreciated."—We would interpolate that we have seen no indications of a really adequate appreciation of what seems to us a singularly admirable character even yet.—"He had a hurried utterance, particularly in his youth, and when addressing strangers, which made an unfavourable impression, and the 'eh? eh?' and 'what? what?'" which were in truth only symptoms of nervous excitability, were quoted by ignorance or malevolence as proofs of a trivial mind. No man in his dominions had a mind less trivial. He appreciated the duties of his station with a correctness of judgment, and executed its duties with a diligence and ability, of which thrones afford but few examples. He was, in the highest sense of the word, an honest man, the noblest work of God."

Some of the most pleasing pictures connected with the reign are in the descriptions of that royal progress the king took to perfect his recovery, when he first found his way to Weymouth and the country beyond, in a long and interesting tour, which certainly combines as much of the simple, rural, and idyllic as we suppose is possible to blend in any royal excursion. In 1789, travelling not by rail, but by carriage, in a very simple and unpretentious *cortège*, with few attendants, he woke up sleepy old villages which had scarcely ever realised that royalty was a reality, but trimmed themselves, squires' halls, parish churches, and village inns, in their best array to greet the sovereign and his family. They seem to have taken their journey leisurely, resting in the evening in villages, when the queen and princesses would walk round about the place, mix with the peasantry, and talk with all whom they happened to meet in the course of their ramble. Thus weeks went on, and ever as Sunday came round all travelling was forbidden. It was always passed as a day of rest, and the whole family trudged along to church to hear the ordinary village clergyman, and, we will be bound to say, to listen to some strange burst of music from the village choir, when those worthies would naturally think they must do their best, especially on occasions when, as Miss Burney describes, they thought it necessary to wind up the service, and imagined no irreverence in the unwonted shout of "God save the King!" So they passed through the New Forest and Hampshire, and arrived at Weymouth, which appears to have charmed the king, for henceforth, from year to year, he found himself a visitor there. In one of his excursions in the neighbourhood, during this his first visit, in the hay harvest, he was passing through a field where only one woman was at work. The king asked her where the rest of her companions were; she said, "They were gone to see the king." "And why did not you go with them?" he inquired. "The fools!" she said, "they have gone all the way into the town, and they will lose a day's work by it. That is more than I can do; I've five children to work for!" "Well then," said the king, putting a piece of gold into her hands, "tell your companions who have gone to see the king that the king came to see you!"

But the visit to Weymouth was full of incidents, full of enjoyment too. That first visit to Weymouth

## "WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER V.—PEEPS OF MORE PLEASANT DAYS.

IN the journal of Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), and in the correspondence of Mrs. Delany, frequent mention is made of the Queen's Lodge, a place which was for many years the scene of much quiet social enjoyment, and in which took place most of those incidents which Miss Burney has, certainly with quite sufficient minuteness, chronicled. Some persons have wondered where the Queen's Lodge is to be found. It may be doubted whether any person now living ever saw it. A pleasing description of it may be found in an old "Quarterly Review."\* It was at Windsor, a temporary, plain, barrack-like looking house, erected to the south-east of the Castle, by Sir William Chambers, never intended to be permanent, but, as the Castle was not habitable, and the king saw no probability of its being made so in any reasonable time, and yet desired to have the pleasure of a frequent residence at Windsor, he caused this house to be run up, with the intention of removing it when the Castle should be completed. Here it was his pleasure to live the life of a country gentleman, riding, hunting, farming, and moving about among his work-people. In this house that tea-table was spread round which fancy beholds assembled the queen and many of our old favourites; while, in another corner of the room, the king chatted or played a game at backgammon with his equerries, or some simple old friend like Jacob Bryant, starting up, now and again, to drop some playful remark into the ear of Mrs. Delany, or finishing, as the evening wore on, refreshment in the favourite recreation of music. The life was more simple here than even at Kew, which was nearer town, and therefore nearer state. At Windsor we suppose the family circle would have been considered small, even for a retired

\* "Quarterly Review," vol. lxx. 1842, pp. 264, 265.



is a singularly bright little interval in the life of royal care. The king was grateful for his recovery from his dreadful malady. The queen and his daughters were with him, and simply happy. He was grateful also for the manifestation to him of affections from all the simple people round him; and Miss Burney, who was with them in attendance, has, in her journal, pleasantly chronicled the whole. There were no drawbacks to the happiness, although many ludicrous circumstances lent their variety to the time, and no doubt gave vivacity to the conversations in the homely circle. Thus, when the mayor and aldermen were admitted to the honour of a presentation to the queen, and the mayor advanced to kiss her hand, "You must kneel, sir," said Colonel Gwynne. "I can't," said the mayor. "You must bend the knee. You must kneel," said the colonel; but instead of complying with the colonel's directions, he seized the hand and carried it, says the narrator, to his lips, with much more of loyal heartiness than of courtly refinement. The worst of it was that all the aldermen followed suit, supposing their chief had done the right thing. As the mayor was retiring, the colonel indignantly interfered. "You ought to have knelt, sir." "I could not do it," said the mayor. "Everybody else can kneel," said the colonel, supposing, no doubt, that there was a French Republican on English soil. "Yes, sir," said the mayor, "but I have a wooden leg!" and this, of course, was a perfectly unanswerable reason. Nor ought we to forget the usual instances of goodness which light up the character of the king while residing in this pleasant and until then almost unknown watering-place. For instance, he rode out to Dorchester to inspect the new county jail. There a farmer, named Pitfield, who had been confined for seven years for a debt incurred solely by a lawyer's bill, on his knees imploringly presented a petition to the king, praying for his release. The tender-hearted king was instantly touched with the hardship of the case; he directly paid the bill, two hundred and twenty pounds, out of his own pocket, and that day the now happy farmer was liberated and restored to his family.

The royal party left Weymouth, still prosecuting their pleasant tour to Plymouth. As they went along, and especially in the villages where for a short time they might happen to stay, triumphal arches were erected, ornamented with wreaths of laurel and roses. "From the day of his departure from Windsor," says Miss Burney, "the king's progress resembled a triumph. In every town and village through which he passed girls with chaplets—beautiful young creatures!—strewed the entrances of the various villages with flowers. On the confines of the New Forest a band of foresters, in their habits of green, presented him, according to ancient feudal custom, with a couple of milk-white greyhounds, wearing silver collars, and led by silken cords. At Honiton, as they reached the turnpike, the royal carriages were surrounded by three hundred and fifty young ladies, all dressed alike, and wearing white ribbons. It is scarcely wonderful that so singularly beautiful a regiment of guards, ushering the king and queen into the town, drew tears of sensibility from all the party." Is it too much to say that no royal progress impresses us more pleasingly than this of 1789, in which, while the king sought the confirmation of restored health, all the tenderest feelings of his subjects were stirred in affectionate sympathy? It is a piece of pleasant life

from a deceased old time. The journey was long, and every way entertaining and idyllic; the king and queen always walking on the Sunday to the nearest village church. At that time it was supposed to be unfashionable for husband and wife ever to be seen together, but this royal pair was always anxious to show what God and nature intended a married pair should be, and to set another example. When at Plymouth, on the Sabbath, the king knelt on the deck of one of his own ships-of-war, the binnacle serving as altar and pulpit. But kindness and good humour entertains us everywhere,—chatting with the mowers at Lyndhurst, or the haymakers at Weymouth, or detained at the Star and Garter at Andover, the king himself ordering tea immediately, and supper by-and-by, while the princesses, travelling over the whole house, discover a young landlord of three months old, and present him to their majesties for their admiration and condescension: it all looks very simple, and all the more royal because pleasantly human. They never forgot Weymouth, and from year to year afterwards attempted to revive the charm of that happy summer of 1789.

But the return to London seems always to have been a return to trouble. In a series of reminiscences for the most part so purely personal, we must not introduce vehement ministerial agitations, or those outbursts of revolutionary violence, both religious and political, which were crossing the Channel from France to disturb England. That is an interesting anecdote which Charles Knight introduces into his "Passages of a Working Life." "Soon after the publication of Payne's 'Rights of Man,' in 1791, before the work was declared libellous, the king was wandering about Windsor early on a summer morning, and was heard calling out, 'Knight, Knight!' in the shop, whose shutters were just opened ('Knight' was Charles Knight's father, and the king's bookseller). My father made his appearance as quickly as possible at the sound of the well-known voice, and he beheld his majesty quietly seated, reading with marked attention. Late on the preceding evening a parcel from Paternoster Row had been opened, and its miscellaneous contents were exposed on the counter. Horror! the king had taken up the dreadful 'Rights of Man,' which advocated the French Revolution in reply to Burke. Absorbed majesty continued reading for half an hour. The king went away without a remark, but he never afterwards expressed his displeasure, nor withdrew his countenance." Charles Knight's reminiscences of the Windsor life of the king are really among the most charming we possess.

One of the most pleasant traits of all the years of his life is his unvarying attachment to Eton School and all the succession of boys there. He always knew the more eminent of them, whether for rank or scholarship, by name. He never missed an opportunity of honouring the boys who were worthy of honour, and the boys paid him back as boys can pay back their favourites. "Think highly of Eton," he said to young De Quincey. "All people think highly of Eton; every one praises Eton." Immediately after his marriage he took the young queen over the venerable school, and left £230 with the provost, to be spent, as he thought best, in giving pleasure to the boys. He was always hospitable to them, and there are stories of his sending for them all in a body to meet him on the terrace at Windsor, and keeping them all to supper, and irri-

tating the masters immensely by forgetting to ask any of them; so the boys remained merry with the monarch, and there was nothing for it but for the masters to go away in dudgeon.

In 1805, when the Castle of Windsor was completed, after the long period during which it had undergone repairs and improvements, fitting it henceforth to be the royal residence, in place of the inconvenient lodge we have described, the king, of course, had a magnificent house-warming, and he added to his other pieces of hospitality on the occasion that of personally going down to Eton School and inviting eighty of the Eton boys to sup with him in the presence chamber, a truly beautiful instance of royal, neighbourly, and affectionate benignity. And he was kind to individual boys. Once, as he was walking down Eton Street, a boy, almost too late, came rushing along at a tremendous pace, and went butt up against the king, almost overturning the royal person. Of course he stopped to apologise, and thus his appearance even for the second call was absolutely hopeless. The good-natured king inquired his name, and took the trouble to write a little note to the head master to explain the cause of the boy's delay. Nothing delighted him more, upon his recovery from his illness in 1804, than the rapturous reception the boys gave him upon the first appearance of his carriage. They gathered round it with enthusiastic huzzas and repeated rounds of cheers. Forming a circle round it, they ran along by its side, before and behind it, forming a sort of unpremeditated escort, until he alighted at the gates of Windsor Castle. The next day, walking out, he fell in with two or three of the scholars, and entered freely into conversation with them, thanked them for the reception they had given him the day before, and told them to thank their fellows. This was better than writing a note to the school—a beautiful and gentle king! He had been educated at Eton himself some short time, and with him were many of those who became statesmen in his time; indeed, nearly all the great statesmen of the reign of George III, from the Earl of Chatham to the Duke of Wellington, had been Eton boys. Probably he thought of this, or something like this, when, verging towards his mournful close, at the commencement of the last of those terrible mental disorders with which he was afflicted, he was standing at one of the windows of his apartments in Windsor Castle with the late Marquis of Wellesley, who had also been an Eton boy. His eye caught the view of

"The distant spires, the antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade."

"Look, my lord," he said, in a voice which implied the tenderness and pensive reverential affection passing through his mind—"look, my lord, there is the noble school where we were all educated!"

The king's was a tender and tried heart, and his love for his own children—in so many instances poured out like water upon a desert—touched and opened some of the finest fountains of affection in him. When, in 1781, two of his sons were entering life—his favourite son, the Duke of York, proceeding to Prussia to study for the military profession, and Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, going to sea as midshipman of the Prince George—he felt

as other fathers in like circumstances feel. The eminent position of his sons could not hide from his eyes the dangers of the careers on which they were entering. They were a long time from home—had, in fact, parted from the home-life for ever. A lady of the court surprised him one day in tears, and took the liberty, which a woman might naturally take, to inquire the cause of the quiet tears which were on his face. "I was entreating God," he said, "to protect and bless my dear boys." Could he have looked along the terrible future of some of the members of his family he would have wept indeed!

### COFFEE TAVERNS.\*

THE Temperance cause is entering upon a new and hopeful epoch. While appeals are continued from the pulpit, the platform, and the press, and while the aid of legislation is earnestly invoked, the friends of temperance have begun to undertake a very simple and practical way of meeting this social evil. When working men wish to avoid intemperance, or "take the pledge," they are tempted at every step by beershops and gin palaces. There was till recently no alternative place of resort for them when away from work or from home.

Now we have the Coffee Taverns, Coffee Palaces, People's Cafés, and Cocoa Houses, under one or other of which titles numerous and somewhat conspicuous establishments, now established in London and throughout the kingdom, are known. Though called by different names, they have the same origin, and are designed to meet one common want—viz., that of supplying the public with cheap and wholesome refreshment without the admixture of alcohol or intoxicants in any form.

How far they at present attain their object it is the purpose of this paper briefly to illustrate. In what respect they fail, and the measure and cause of such failure, must also be noted.

Let it be borne in mind in the outset that though the possible methods by which social reform may be accomplished are both varied and numerous, it is only by a judicious and hearty combination of these methods that any great or striking result can be attained. Let us apply this argument to the coffee question. What have they accomplished? We need not go very far back for a starting-point in their history.

Twenty-five years ago the first Workman's Temperance Coffee House was opened in Dundee; eight years subsequently the first Working Man's Club in England was established. Leeds witnessed the establishment of the first British Workman Public-house in 1867. The Coffee Palace, distinctively so called, is an institution of still more recent growth. It was first planted in July, 1873, in East London, where it still continues to meet with considerable success. Following closely on the coffee palace came the People's Cafés, in 1874. These were fashioned closely on the continental model, introduced by Messrs. Gatti, Bolla, Monico, Veglio, and other Swiss-Italian adventurers in London. They are specially suited to the needs of clerks, shopkeepers, and others engaged in business, and have been signally successful, the receipts of the five houses now

\* Coffee Taverns, Cocoa Houses, and Coffee Palaces, their Rise, Progress, and Prospects. By E. Hepple Hall, F.R.S.

opened in Central and East London averaging £1,000 weekly, or over £50,000 per annum.

During 1875 the first of the now prosperous Liverpool Cocoa Rooms opened its doors. There are now thirty-five in successful operation in that town, with a seating accommodation for 10,000 persons. In 1876 the London Coffee Tavern Company was incorporated, and its first house, the Glasshouse Tavern, in Edgware Road, was opened to the public in May of the following year. Such, briefly outlined, is the history of the coffee tavern, or reformed public-house movement. Within ten years have sprung up a class of institutions which, if rightly conducted and improved, are destined to effect a more salutary change in the social life and condition of the industrial classes than any which has preceded it. Since 1876 more than eighty companies have been incorporated in England alone for the furtherance of the coffee house movement, and more than 3,000 houses are now open to the public. The weekly receipts of these houses range from £40,000 to £55,000, equal in round numbers to nearly £3,000,000 per annum.

Are they not, then, we would ask, among the most significant and suggestive signs of the times? Is not the finding of a practical substitute for the beer-house and the gin palace, in the present dead-lock of legislation on the subject, the true way to lessen the drink traffic and repress drunkenness? So long as men and women may become intoxicated by Act of Parliament, can any better means be devised for keeping them sober than by giving them places of resort and recreation where they cannot become intoxicated either by the Act of Parliament or by their own? While the beerhouse and the gin palace remained the rule and the fashion, and the temperance hotel or tavern the exception, in vain was it that social reformers stigmatised the one or eulogised the other. Practically there were no houses but the ordinary "publics" open to the working classes. Now the efforts of humanitarians are happily supplemented by a systematic machinery which, intrinsically beneficial in itself, and conducted on purely business principles, is all the more likely to be permanently successful. The possibilities for good of such a movement cannot, we think, be overestimated. If, as Mr. Cobden more than once asserted, "the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform"—and few would now care to gainsay it—then are the Coffee Taverns amongst the most hopeful signs of the times. Much of course will depend on the way in which these houses, called by whatever name they may be, are provisioned and conducted. Still more, possibly, will depend on the opinion which the public at large forms of them.

Leaving minor matters, then, out of the question, the most striking defect in the modern coffee-house is its want of completeness. Ostensibly designed to meet the wants of the working man, it makes no adequate provision for the working woman. Boys and girls, the men and women—and possibly the depraved men and women—of the next generation if trained to follow their fathers and mothers to the wrong shop, have no attention shown them whatever.

These are serious defects. Again, while professedly places of rest and recreation, as well as resort and refreshment for the labouring man, they supply him with little that is calculated either to fit him for the necessities of his daily work, or to refresh him when it is done. The cooking of dinners brought to the

establishment for "consumption on the premises"—a time-honoured custom at the beer-publics—is well enough as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough; nor are such items as hard-boiled eggs, half-baked bread, underdone sausages, just the thing for a half-famished mechanic to appease hunger with or fortify his "inner man" against the hardships of an afternoon's work out of doors. Yet at a large majority of such houses these articles form the staple bill of fare—in fact, the hungry customer can get but little else. The substantial dinner so necessary to the English day-labourer is conspicuously absent from the majority of these establishments. In this respect, as in so many others, he fares far worse than the *ouvrier* of Paris and other Continental cities, who for half a franc can readily procure a really good dinner. Even the plate of well-cooked beef or mutton, or a dish of nutritious vegetable soup, freshly prepared, would be a great boon to the coffee tavern patron if he could get it, which he too often cannot. In short, the supply of dinners and other substantial meals is a necessary part of the business of such establishments—since no other furnishes them of the character and price required—and the failure to provide them is a defect which we think cannot be too soon remedied.

Scarcely less important an omission is that of suitable sleeping accommodation. Miss Florence Nightingale sounded the key-note of the situation, so far as the main wants of the coffee tavern customer is concerned, in her admirable letter to the Duke of Westminster, when she asked for a place where, in addition to coffee, newspapers and games—without gambling—he could eat and have decent sleeping accommodation. The need which has so long existed in our great industrial centres for increased lodging accommodation—and nowhere is it more keenly felt than in London at the present time—points a moral which our coffee tavern friends would do well to profit by. Thus far we believe there are but three or four houses open in London fitted with public sleeping accommodation. In Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and some other of the leading provincial towns, lodging-houses have been tried in connection with the coffee taverns, and have proved successful. The example so well set by the proprietors of the St. James's Hall, Leeds, the Rose and Crown Coffee Palace at Knightsbridge, and the Tom Hughes and Phoenix Taverns in St. Martin's Lane and Harrow Road, might be profitably followed in the erection of future establishments of this character.

Such are a few of the more conspicuous defects of the working man's coffee tavern of the period as they have fallen within the experience of the writer. More serious, however, than these is the deterioration of the quality of the articles supplied at not a few of these houses. The falling off in quality of more than one of the leading articles sold in the poorer quarters of the metropolis is already plainly noticeable.

All attempts to "overdo" the business will be fraught with mischief. In no branch of business are the results of over-competition and consequent deterioration more quickly felt or resented by the public than in the victualling trade. The "best article for the money" will be found, in the long run, not only an excellent motto to attract custom with, but a safe rule by which to retain it. The quality of the article supplied at these temperance taverns must not be sacrificed to the cupidity of landlords on the one



hand or to the stupidity or carelessness of cooks on the other. Most men prefer a good glass of beer to an indifferent cup of coffee, tea, or cocoa, and nothing is more likely to prejudice the success and weaken the influence of the present reform than a selfish and short-sighted policy of this sort. The movement, though now fairly started and able to run alone, is yet in its infancy. It requires watching, most careful watching, to ensure permanent success.

The defects which we have endeavoured to point out are by no means inherent; they have arisen through the rapidity with which the movement has progressed rather than been developed, through incapacity to supply the proper remedy. As it matures it will, no doubt, gradually adapt itself to popular wants. If, however, it is ever to become perfect, its future course must be in the direction of all right reform. It must, in short, progress, not retrograde.

E. HEPPLE HALL.

### FOOLS IN HIGH PLACES.

A FAKIR, or Mohammedan hermit, named Melick, came to the court of the Shah Nouschirvan, whither he had been invited in consequence of the reputation he had acquired of distinguishing at a glance all lunatics, and giving the best advice for curing them. The monarch was very anxious to see so remarkable a man, and, to test his pretensions. Wishing that the first trial of Melick's skill should be made in his presence, he gave orders that on the next day there should be brought to the palace a certain number of lunatics, taken from those whose condition was most desperate.

Melick appeared at the divan at the hour appointed; and was received, whilst awaiting the arrival of the prince, into a spacious hall, where many persons had already assembled. He noticed them one after the other with great attention, questioned them, and marked their answers.

When the sultan appeared he approached the throne, touched the ground three times with his forehead, and spoke thus: "Sun of Equity, the few moments that I have just passed with the fools who have been brought to me by your orders have sufficiently enlightened me as to the nature and cause of their malady, and I am now ready," continued he, pointing to those among whom he had been introduced, "to show the result of a treatment of those people by which their cure will infallibly be obtained."

Nouschirvan could not help showing some displeasure at these words, because the fakir had not yet even seen the lunatics brought for his inspection. He had only seen the courtiers, the ministers of state, and the principal officers of the palace. The sultan told him so, in a tone of displeasure; but the pious man, without appearing more astonished at his mistake than at the anger of the monarch, having again bowed with respect, answered, "Remember, O Prince, this precept of Zoroaster: 'The man that acts without discernment may be compared to the brute, and will never find a place in the region of light.' Deign to hear me, and see if I am this man that Zoroaster condemns. I was told to come into your palace to examine and cure insane people. I came, and the first person that presents himself to me is that old gentleman who occupies at this time a

place behind your throne. Went down by age and infirmities, his trembling hand can hardly sustain the sword with which he is armed for your defence. The knell for his retirement sounded about twenty years ago. Possessor of a large fortune, of a delightful palace on the banks of the Euphrates, he might there have found repose, the only comfort in old age, and have left to his son the honourable office which he holds without being capable of discharging its duties. Yet of his own will he sacrifices his tastes, his requirements, the interest of his prince, and public esteem, to some miserable considerations dictated by vanity and the empty appearances of a credit that he does not possess. I call this man insane, and I do not hesitate to confirm my previous decision.

"That man," continued the fakir, pointing to a person whose pale complexion and feeble sight indicated severe study, "I know is one of the most learned in your dominion. Immense knowledge of the physical sciences are for him the result of thirty years of hard work. He receives a thousand purses annually from your generosity, in order to apply the fruit of his study to useful purposes. Perhaps you think, great sultan, that he seeks, by the application of new chemical processes, the means of making prosperous your manufactures; by the study of anatomy and by botany and other sciences to make discoveries applicable to the art of healing; and by astronomy, methods for regulating nautical calculations in order to improve navigation and your navy. No, his labours have a very different purpose. He occupies himself in studies which have no practical bearing on human life, but which tend to increase his own reputation among other men of science. He will tell you of what metal was made the sheath of the sword worn by the conqueror Alexander; what animals inhabited the Isle of Taproban before the Deluge; how many tons of salt water the ocean contains, and many other things more curious than useful. Now, sire, it is for you to judge if I have been wrong by ranking as a fool a man who makes such a use of his time, of his genius, and of your favours.

"What must I say of that man who tells me he is your pipe-bearer, O great king—he who thinks himself a person of the highest importance in your kingdom, because his family has enjoyed during four centuries the honourable privilege of lighting your pipes? He has been telling me only of the request which he is incessantly making you—that of taking rank at your court and in public before the generals who command your armies, and before the first judges and magistrates and the ministers of justice. The chief thought in his soul is about rank and precedence, which wise men count of poor worth.

"As to the chief magician, who has entertained me so much about his table, his horses, and intrigues at court, in the midst of which he sustains himself by force of compliance and assurance, it is only on account of the office with which he is invested that I class him in the number of fools: he is the only one that I do not undertake to cure: the seat of his malady is in the heart, and I know no remedy for it."

Nouschirvan was highly amused both with the wit of the fakir and the discomfiture of his courtiers, but did not think proper to press any further for the justification of the fakir. He had listened to him with much attention, and, far from being offended

at an ingenious satire of which he perceived the truth, he resolved to retain and raise him to the honours of which he was worthy. The fakir, full of gratitude, did not accept the favours of the monarch, saying that, if he lived at court, he feared he might become a fool himself. So he took his leave, addressing the monarch, when quitting him, as the wisest of men and the greatest king of the age.

History has confirmed this decision, in support of which may be cited the authentic testimony about this prince, which the Abbé Fourmont has translated from a Turkish manuscript. The following words were the last that Nouschirvan addressed to his son Hormizdas: "My son, you are going very soon to reign. Do you wish to be worthy of the throne that I leave you? Then do justice, repress violence, help the worthy, love literature, protect science, listen to the aged, keep employed the young, and judge of men's merit only by what you yourself see. If you observe strictly this rule, Heaven will favour you; your enemies will fear you; your friends will be faithful to you; you will become the benefactor of your subjects, and they will be the cause of your joy. Serving the great God in your station during life, you will receive hereafter the reward promised to the faithful."

## Varieties.

**MUNIFICENT BEQUEST TO THE BLIND.**—The will of Mr. Henry Gardner, late of 1, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, who died January 9th, was recently proved, the personal estate being sworn under £600,000. The testator has bequeathed £10,000, free of legacy duty, to the School for Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields; £10,000 to the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, 125, Euston Road; and £10,000 to the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, Upper Avenue Road, Regent's Park. A sum of £300,000, free of legacy duty, is directed to be set apart and to be applied for the benefit of blind persons in England and Wales, and the executors and executrix, together with the Bishop of London, are appointed a committee for its management.—*City Press*.

**CLASSIC RULES IN ART.**—He would remind them of three great rules, so to speak, which were familiar to Greek artists of old, and which even an English audience devoted to modern science and art might perhaps do well to lay to heart. First, that the highest and chief law was the production of beauty. It was so strongly felt by the Greek mind, that in many of their actual studies and Utopias they laid down the principle that no sights of deformity or unseemliness were to be exhibited to their population. For instance, when it was necessary to represent pain in sculpture or painting, the Greek artist endeavoured, as far as he could, to veil the sight in its offensive form. When death was introduced, it was rarely introduced in the manifest and rather coarse form with which we in these days were familiar with it. It was generally symbolic. It was sometimes represented by a serpent creeping out of a jar, sometimes by a broken column, and sometimes by the figure of a man departing on a journey. That was the first law which, as he took it, ruled the mind of the Greek artist. The second law, no doubt, was one worthy of inculcating upon a modern audience. It was that the combination of that which was beautiful and that which was useful was perfectly practicable and possible. The great Latin philosopher Cicero devoted a chapter in one of his most famous books to this subject. He not only laid down this rule in the broadest terms, but he instanced it and illustrated it first of all from nature. He pointed to the tree, with its stem, boughs, and leaves, and argued how in each of these cases the purpose of utility and the charm of beauty were absolutely united. He took, again, the case of a ship, with its masts and spars, as well as the perfect symmetry of her lines, and deduced from it that same combination of beauty and utility. He was afraid that had Cicero live in our day he would hardly have drawn the same conclusion from our ironclads and turret-ships; for, however

serviceable they might be in war, for upholding the dignity and honour of the country, they could hardly be said to conduce to the purpose of the lines of beauty. The third rule, and not the least important to his mind, was this: that in art, as in other studies, they could not attempt to dispense with the necessity of study and laborious work. This was true in all times. It was recognised by the ancients, and it had been enunciated over and over again by the greatest of moderns. The education of the ancient Greek sculptor was one of a most laborious and painstaking kind. He was required to study geometry; there were mathematical canons laid down for him, and scientific treatises that he was required to master, and he (Lord Carnarvon) apprehended that he was obliged to work as hard as a pupil in the hardest scientific class that could be found in any country in Europe.—*Earl of Carnarvon*.

**HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.**—An English Chartist orator, addressing a meeting of working men on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, commenced his speech grandiloquently thus: "Men of the Heart of Midlothian!" He was interrupted by roars of laughter and peals of ironical cheering, which only ceased when some friendly native explained his blunder. No doubt he meant the appellation as a compliment, but he might as well have addressed his audience as gaol-birds! The same astounding blunder was lately committed by a member of the present Ministry, who, oblivious of the fact that the term meant the ancient prison of Edinburgh, said, in reference to Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the Scottish metropolitan county: "There is a gentleman who is wooing the 'Heart of Midlothian' (laughter), but whether he will succeed in carrying away the 'Heart of Midlothian' is a matter on which I venture to entertain a doubt." Sir Walter Scott's tales are not so much read as they once were.

**OPIMUM TRAFFIC WITH CHINA.**—The facts connected with the opium trade have been briefly summarised thus:—

1. The British Indian Government, by the growth and manufacture of opium, has assumed the position of a vast trading company, and has entered into the arena of commercial speculation with all the eagerness and anxiety of ordinary traders.
2. All the profits of this trade in opium go to enrich the Indian Treasury, and the prospects of British trade are injured to the extent of the amount spent by the Chinese on the Indian drug.
3. Hence it follows that the British Indian Government is enriching itself at the expense, at first, of course, of the Chinese, but actually of British manufacturers, and, therefore, ultimately of Great Britain itself.
4. This opium trade is further injurious to British trade, and prevents the growth of a legitimate commerce with China, by identifying the prejudice of the Chinese against us, and thus strengthens them in their opposition to all Western improvements, and to a more liberal intercourse with Western nations.

So much for the commercial side of this question; next as regards the moral aspect of the opium trade, which is far darker even than the former. There is abundant evidence to sustain the following points:—

1. That from the earliest years of our intercourse with China the Chinese Government has uniformly protested against and opposed the introduction of opium to their country.
2. That while the British Government originally acknowledged opium to be a contraband article of trade with China, and warned persons dealing in it that any loss incurred in consequence of the interference of the Chinese must be borne by the parties who had brought that loss on themselves, yet it nevertheless undertook a war with China mainly for the purpose of defending the interests of those engaged in this (at that time) unlawful and contraband trade.
3. That our Government has compelled the Chinese, by the force of our superior arms (against the earnest and repeated protests of the highest officials in the Empire), to admit opium as an article of commerce subject to special import dues, and that we have repeatedly prevented the Chinese from imposing heavy restrictive import dues on opium, a measure which has been anxiously desired by Chinese statesmen in order that they might then be at liberty to deal with the habit of smoking opium, which is rapidly spreading among the people. That therefore we have most unlawfully interfered with the internal economy of this vast though inferior country.
4. That the opium trade has not merely been a barrier in the way of an extended commercial intercourse, but forms one of the greatest obstacles to missionary success.

If the above be a correct summary of the facts connected with the opium trade, it follows that both commercially and morally it is utterly indefensible.